

Cheerleader Punishment Cont

Wayne lay back in bed, a wide grin on his face.

Above him, Twinkletits fluttered about happily, flying circles around his bedroom. Behind her, a trail of twinkling light followed.

His life, thanks to that little fairy, had change completely.

What had once been miserable, now was amazing. A better life than he could have possibly imagined before. A dream come true and then some. All thanks to the wishes Twinkletits so freely granted. All because she believed she was 'helping'.

And she was helping.

Helping Wayne, at least.

The cheerleaders? Not so much...

His eyes roamed the large bedroom, taking in the sight of his sexy furniture.

One naked cheerleader posed as a coat stand – arms outstretched to hold Wayne's jacket, an old baseball cap placed haphazardly atop her head. Another acted as his bedside table, hands and knees on the floor, an alarm clock resting on the small of her back. Yet another stood next to a naughty poster on the wall, striking the exact same pose as the model on the poster with only one, tiny difference. She, like every other cheerleader, stared at Wayne with a mixture of hatred and fear.

He smiled, basking in their loathing.

They despised him.

"Bitches get," he said aloud – knowing every pair of ears in the room would listen, "what bitches deserve."

None of them spoke in reply. They *couldn't* speak. Not without Wayne's expressed permission. But, from the look in more than one pair of eyes, he knew they *wanted* to. Could almost imagine the names they wanted to call him, the things they'd say.

He'd been a victim of their vitriol for a long time. He knew how ugly they were on the inside, even if their outsides were beyond beautiful.

He pushed himself up and off his bed, walked to his private bathroom and let himself inside.

With a spring in his step, he strode to the toilet and unzipped himself. His eyes were locked onto *her* the entire time as he pissed into the toilet bowl. Whitey. The head cheerleader, and the sexiest - and most sadistic - of the bunch.

She crouched beside the toilet, eyes filled with pure hatred.

"Lovely day," Wayne smiled. "Think I might go out somewhere."

When he was done peeing, he turned his cock towards the girl that'd once made his life hell. And, dutifully, with a look of pure disdain in her otherwise beautiful eyes, she leaned forward with her mouth open – did her job of sucking Wayne's cock clean. And, when he didn't stop her, she continued to blow him.

"Maybe," he grinned. "I'll stop by, introduce myself to your mother. Don't suppose you have any sisters, do you?"

A muffled gag was Whitey's only reply.

It'd sounded like a 'yes'.

Wayne reached down, placed a hand on the pretty girl's head and closed his eyes.

Ideas trickled into his mind as the head-cheerleader expertly tongued his cock. A steady stream of dirty, kinky fantasies. Things he could do to these girls. Ways he could punish them for everything they'd done to him.

For a brief moment, he considered making Whitey a true toilet – not just his personal cock-cleaner. Using her as a urinal would certainly be entertaining. But no, he had an even *better* idea.

"She's a quiet one, isn't she?" The little old lady said.

"Yes," Wayne nodded. "She's actually very shy, probably wishes she was back home right now."

"I can tell," the old woman chuckled, eyes on Whitey.

The head-cheerleader was on hands and knees, wearing only a dog's collar with leash attached. To the rest of the world, she'd appear as any other dog. But she was still herself, still the bitch cheerleader who'd mocked and humiliated and blackmailed Wayne.

As the old lady continued on her walk, Wayne smiled down at his new 'pet'.

"Remember when you made me bark like a dog and recorded it?" He asked her. "I do. You never treated me like a person. I was just an animal to abuse in your eyes, wasn't I? A mobile ATM you could take money from that you'd never have to pay back."

Whitey didn't say anything, simply continued to stare up at him defiantly.

"You were always a bitch," he told her, tugging hard on her leash and making the girl yelp in pain. As he walked, she followed behind him. "This is just me showing you your true colours."

As he walked, more people stopped to chat with Wayne – exchanging pleasantries and commenting on how beautiful his dog was. All the while, Whitey's face glowed red in shame. Eyes drawn to her, seeing her as a dumb animal, treating Wayne like he was her undisputed, legal owner. It grated at her. And that fact made Wayne smirk all the more.

By the time he guided her back into his bedroom, Whitey's knees and hands covered in dirt and grime, the girl was on the verge of tears.

For the briefest of moment, Wayne almost felt pity for her.

Then he remembered that one time when he – sobbing his eyes out – had begged the cheerleaders to stop. To free him from their humiliations and blackmail. Begged them to leave him alone.

They'd laughed at him. Mocked him. Made him grovel and humiliate himself, only to laugh even harder – recorded the scene to use as even more blackmail material.

No, this whore didn't deserve his pity *or* his mercy.

He'd only just *started* with getting his payback.

Twinkletits sat on his shoulder as he walked – alone for once – through deserted streets. The little fairy looked around curiously, eyes alight with innocent interest.

She still didn't understand why people were mean to each other.

And, luckily, she still believed that Wayne was 'fixing' the cheerleaders. Making them 'good' people. Sometimes, she questioned the wishes Wayne made. But it was never questions out of suspicion or uncertainty, more like the fairy was simply curious about how treating Whitey like a dog would make the cheerleader a better person. All Wayne needed to do was make up some silly excuse, and the fairy would buy it. All-powerful and totally naive.

She looked like a miniature woman, albeit one with butterfly-like glowing wings. And, if she were more than an inch tall, Wayne might've considered Twinkletits to be attractive. A pretty face, eyes filled with innocent wonder, and a petite, slender body.

"I wish," Wayne said as he walked. "I had a cheeseburger."

Less than a heartbeat later, a perfect cheeseburger materialised in front of him. Floating freely and smelling delicious. Wayne snatched it out of the air, began eating.

What could he do to punish the cheerleaders next? What would be worse than he'd already done?

Fucking with them was fun. Making them parade themselves nude around school and out in public. Having them act like furniture for him, little more than objects for him to use – not even human in the world's eyes. Fucking them, forcing their bodies to enjoy every degrading second of it even as their minds were revolted at what they were doing.

What *more* could he do?

The idea of messing with their families – the people they cared about – came to

mind. Fucking not just the bitch cheerleaders, but the whore mothers that raised them too. But that was too simple, too *predictable*.

No doubt, the cunts had already mentally prepared themselves for Wayne to do just that.

Wayne needed something unpredictable. Something *spicy*. Something that'd get under the skin and stab right at the heart.

But what?

"I wish I was back home," Wayne said, stopping in his tracks as an idea formed. "Outside the house, where no-one can see."

He closed his eyes, opened them.

The empty street was gone. He was outside his home, standing a few feet from the doorway.

"You're amazing," he said, turning his head to Twinkletits. "Really fucking amazing."

"I am?" She smiled brightly, wings fluttering in excitement.

"Yes, Twinkletits, you are. The most amazing thing in the world. Come on, I have a few wishes to make. Things that'll help the cheerleaders see the error in their ways."

"Proud," the middle-aged man said, a glow in his voice. "Very proud, in fact."

His wife nodded her head in agreement.

"Really?" Wayne smiled, eyes moving between the married couple, then settling on the naked daughter sat between them. "You sound very happy to have Braids here has your daughter. Honestly, I can't really see why. I mean, look at her..."

They were in one of the cheerleader's homes. A living room, with the cheerleader and her parents sitting on a sofa and Wayne seated opposite them. Twinkletits flew in circles above the family's head, invisible to all but Wayne himself.

If the parents found anything odd about their daughter's total nudity, they didn't show it. They seemed annoyed and upset by what Wayne had just said, but that was it.

As for Braids herself, she looked absolutely mortified.

The darkest-skinned of all the cheerleaders, and also the bustiest of the pack. Lean, slender, athletic. But big and round in the tits and ass departments. All natural, too. Her nipples were dark brown with wide areola, chocolate treats to nibble on. Her black-blue hair was done into long braids, hence why Wayne had dubbed her 'Braids'.

Of all the cheerleaders, Braids had been the one who'd tormented Wayne the least. When the other bitches had been kicking him around, humiliating and abusing him, it'd been this whore who'd stood in the back watching in silent indifference. She'd allowed it all to happen, had been a part of it even if she hadn't been among the eager ones. She'd been there with the rest of the bitches, hadn't cared enough to even attempt to stop them.

She deserved what happened next.

"She's so... Disappointing," Wayne continued, eyes flicking up to the fairy fluttering above them. "I *wish* you'd see your daughter as a pathetic failure, just as I do. It is, after all, what she is."

At his words, Twinkletits worked her magic. Speaking the wish was all it took for Wayne's will to become reality.

Mother and father tensed, looked at their daughter with new eyes. Their faces morphed in disgust and judgement. The mother shifted in her seat, moving away from her daughter. The father scowled, anger flaring in his eyes.

"Let me ask again," Wayne smiled. "How do you feel about your daughter?"

"Disappointed," the mother grimaced. "Regretful. I wish we'd never had her. She's such a..."

The mother paused, trying to find the right word to describe her disdain for Braids. She opened her mouth to continue, but her husband beat her to it.

"Useless whore," the father provided, rage writ all over his features. "If I'd known

this was going to be the result,” he eyed his daughter up and down in disgust. “I’d have never stuck it to her mother all those years ago.”

Wayne had told Twinkletits what he’d wanted from the wish beforehand, specifically let her know how to alter the minds of the parents. He knew exactly what to expect. Seeing it first hand, though, was special.

And the look on Braids’ face? Priceless.

Real pain and anguish from the heartless bitch.

“I’ve gotta say,” Wayne said, eyes locked onto Braids’ face. “I had no idea it was possible for a human being to be so *stupid*, so *ugly*. I’m surprised you didn’t put her up for adoption the moment you saw her for the first time. I would have.”

The father snorted.

“If only,” he grumbled. “Who’d want to adopt *that*.”

The father pointed at his daughter, unable to even look at her any longer. The mother, on the other hand, looked queasy – like she was holding in the urge to vomit.

“Still,” Wayne said with a nonchalant shrug, “for as useless and disgusting as the freak is, I might have a use for her. My old flesh-light isn’t doing it for me any more, you see. I could do with a new one. If you’re interested, I might be willing to buy Braids here from you and have her take the job.”

The father barked out a harsh laugh.

“Buy her?” He asked. “Have you *seen* her? Why the fuck would you want you dick anywhere *near* her? I wouldn’t touch her with a ten-foot pole.”

The man shook his head, staring at Wayne as if her were crazy.

“I know, I know,” Wayne chuckled. “What can I say? I’ve got a kink for disgusting, useless cunts. So, how about it, are you willing to sell?”

Braids looked at her father pleadingly, eyes watering.

She didn’t believe her father would sell her. But then, she’d never believed he’d say awful things about her either. Or that she’d ever become a foot-stool for the guy she and her friends had victimised for so long. Anything was possible, and she knew it.

Her father, though, didn’t so much as glance at her. Seemed to get angry at the fact that *she* was looking at *him*.

“Sell her?” The man grumbled. “Fuck, I’d be willing to *pay* you to take her away. No questions asked. Name your price.”

Wayne reached into his pocket, pulled out a small square of paper and handed it to the father.

“I think this is a fair trade, don’t you?”

The paper was a voucher for a ten-percent discount on toilet paper at a local mall. An expired voucher, at that.

“Dad,” Braids whispered, voice breaking. “Please...”

The man nodded his head, smiling for the first time since Wayne had made the wish. He reached out a hand for Wayne to shake.

“Deal,” Braids’ father said firmly.

Wayne smile, reached forward and shook the man’s hand.

“Do you remember all those times you stood by and watched?” Wayne asked Braids. She was naked, standing beside the bed Wayne was laying on. “All the times your friends were fucking with me, ruining my life. Do you remember what you did?”

“Nothing,” Braids whined, tears trailing down her cheeks. “I never did *anything* to you! Please, I never did anything-”

“Exactly,” Wayne growled, heat boiling up inside him. “You never did anything. You never tried to stop it. Just stood there and watched.”

She couldn’t deny that. It was true.

“Maybe I should make you watch, too. Maybe I should fuck your mother, have you

in the room doing what you do best – nothing at all.”

Another tempting idea.

“Or maybe,” Wayne continued, “I’ll just turn you into a prostitute, have you spend the rest of your life paying me back all the money you and your friends stole from me – with interest.”

Braids flinched. Looked down at the floor.

There was nothing she could do. She knew it. The other cheerleaders knew it. Wayne had all the power. He could make them do whatever he wanted and they could do nothing to resist him. If he wanted to, he could make them fall in *love* with him.

But where was the fun in that?

No, he *wanted* the bitches to hate him. Despise him. He wanted them to feel *everything* that he did to them.

More than anything, he wanted sweet, petty vengeance.

“Climb on top of me,” Wayne commanded. “You father sold you to me to be my flesh-light. Time to do your job, bitch.”

She obeyed. She had no choice.

Braids climbed onto the bed, a look of pure disgust on her face. She straddled Wayne’s hips, took hold of his cock, guided it to her moist opening. If she was surprised by her arousal, she hid it well. Slowly, she lowered herself onto him – cunt spreading open and wrapping around his cock. Heat enveloped him, a pleasant, comfortable, wet warmth.

Twinkletits flew above, watching with keen interest.

“What’re you waiting for?” Wayne said, swatting a hand out to spank the busty cheerleader’s ass. “Bounce, bitch.”

Braids gasped at the contact, a little erotic moan escaping her parted lips. For a moment, she froze. Shocked at her body’s reaction. She glared down at Wayne, pure hatred in her eyes – an aroused flush in her cheeks.

And, as commanded, the cheerleader began to bounce.

Her bubble-butt rose and fell, slapping Wayne’s thighs with each drop. Her huge tits jiggled and swayed, rose and fell with the motion of her body. Her cunt tightened around Wayne’s shaft, squeezing him, milking him. Mouth open, eyes closed, Braids let out a loud, erotic moan.

Soon, the sounds of sex filled his bedroom – music for his furniture to listen to. The smacking of skin on skin, the wet squelching and thumping of a leaking cunt swallowing a big cock. The squeaking and groaning of bedsprings, the moans and sighs and panting of two bodies wrapped up in the pleasure of the moment.

Braids lost herself, rode Wayne like her life depended on it – body loving every second of it.

He reached up, tugged on her chocolate nipples, twisted them.

Braids gasped in pain, didn’t stop bouncing. Her body was in control now. Her instincts.

“I’m gonna-” She panted, pussy clamping down. “I’m gonna come!”

She slammed down on him hard, body pausing as she took his entire length inside herself. She shuddered, body trembling. Braids breathed a long, soft, satisfied sigh, her cunt convulsing.

Wayne smirked, allowed himself release too. He came inside the cheerleader, filling her with burst after burst of cum – each spurt in time with Braids’ cunt convulsions.

When she collapsed, falling on top of him, he grabbed the whore’s ass, gave it a painful squeeze.

“What,” Braids breathed after a few minutes, anger lacing her words, “did you do to me?”

Wayne couldn’t help but grin.

He’d made the wish a long while ago now. That no matter how much Braids hated

him, never wanted to have sex with him, her body would still enjoy it. That her body, if not her mind, would desire him like nothing else in the world.

"Nothing," he lied. "All I've done is show you what you really are." He leaned in closer, lips to her ears, and whispered. "A *slut*."

Braids had been betrayed by her parents, who'd sold her to a stranger in exchange for basically nothing. She'd been betrayed by her friends, who had done nothing but watch as she rode Wayne's dick. She'd been betrayed by her mind, being forced to obey every sick whim and desire he had. And now, she'd been betrayed by her body – enjoying immensely what it should've hated.

"My slut," he said louder, addressing all the cheerleaders in the room – his coat stand and chair and replacement poster and all the rest. "And you always will be. Forever."

He dug his fingers into her ass, forcing the bitch to wince in pain.

"Now get the fuck off me," he commanded. "Clean off my cock with your mouth then go back to being my laundry basket."

Minutes later, he sat smiling contentedly on a makeshift cheerleader chair – one slut on hands and knees for him to sit on, another to act as the back of the chair, one more on either side to act as armrests. Braids sat in one corner of the room, arms outstretched holding a cum-stained pile of bedsheets. Whitey was back in his private bathroom on dick-cleaning duty.

Slowly, his eyes roamed his bedroom, taking in the sight of so many beautiful girls. And, with those images came ideas. So many wonderful, entertaining ideas.